



For private circulation

SIX LYRICS
OF THE HIGHER LIFE

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MASSACHUSETTS F.

AD GLORIAM DEI

*Father Divine! Who hast of old
Claimed as Thy due the precious gold,
With lesser tokens—the mother's dove,
The peasant's sheaf; and, brought by love,
Did'st deign (as we are taught) to take
Two mites, that do a farthing make;
Thou wilt not deem my offering wrong—
This lowly tribute of a song!*

SIX LYRICS OF THE HIGHER LIFE

I.

THE NEW SONG.

Time was my heart, a lightsome troubadour,
Sang many an idle song, in ardent praise
Of fame, adventure, love—whatever sways
The soul to pride or passion; but when the lore
Of Heavenly Wisdom opened, more and more
My heart grew weary of its empty lays;
For who shall laud earth's idols, when once he weighs
Their glitter with the gold of Heaven's store?

Almighty Ruler of my life and heart!
From Thee my lips have learned a nobler strain—
Love's endless song of praise—since Thou apart
To Calvary's Cross hast led me, there to find
In that wan figure on its throne of pain
Beauty and Love and all Perfection shrined.

II.

IN HEAVENLY PLACES.

Prostrate, a prisoner, from thy quiet room
Thou rulest firmly, in the household ways
Thy presence may not 'now; swift as a loom
Thy busy fingers move; with cheerful phrase
And look, thy life is as a song of praise.
What is thy secret, that no shade of gloom
Darkens thy face? What makes, through weary days,
This place a palace that were else a tomb?

Though with us still thy living form doth dwell,
Thou art not here; to some divine retreat,
Through weariness and pain, thy spirit hath come;
Thou art not here, within this narrow cell;
In some celestial chamber thou art at home,
Seated, like Mary, at the Master's feet.

III.

IN QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

I would be with thee, that I might rejoice
In all my charmed sense holds so endearing;
To look into thine eyes, to hear thy voice,
To feel my heart grow light at thy appearing.

I would be with thee, but a dearer tryst
Claims our two lives, and thou and I must fasten
Our steps to journey in the path of Christ,
Beyond the taint of earth, or touch of passion.

I would be with thee, yet, tho' apart, the tie
That binds us spirit to spirit shall not be broken;
I know thee nearer when thou art not nigh,
And hear the language of thy heart, unspoken.

IV.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Once, in the hapless Stuart's reign,—
On some quaint-lettered page I've read—
A peasant, loitering through the plain,
In startled homage bent his head,
Spying, upon a bramble's spray,
The royal crown, with dust dim'n'd ray!

Failure, thou art a bramble bare;
I looked on thee with bitter scorn;
I saw the shine of something fair
And plucked Self-knowledge from thy thorn.
My prize I count a richer gem
Than his that found the diadem.

V.

WISDOM.

'Tis good to know but better to be wise.
There are who, dowered with all the spoils of thought,
The simple wisdom of a prayer despise;
There are who weigh the stars and have not caught
Their symphony of praise; and many have brought
Nature's dark things to light, who do not rise
To adore with pure; may our souls be taught
To look abroad with nobler enterprise.

Oh, purblind age! so vain of reasoned lore;
So dull in finer vision! Sensual age!
Would that the Spirit of Wisdom might on us pour
The grace to know aright, as on the sage
Who sang to Judah's harp, wiser in youth
Than all his teachers, because he kept the Truth.

VI.

WHEN THE SON OF MAN SHALL COME IN HIS GLO

A sudden splendor, shot thro' Heaven's profound :
Ten thousand angels and a trumpets' sound :

The dead in Christ arise from hallow'd ground—

When the Son of man shall come in all His Glory!

Ten thousand, thousand angels, and a VOICE !

And peace to him that hath the better choice,
For many there be that weep, while saints rejoice—

When the Son of Man shall come in all His Glory !

AUG

HIS GLORY

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